Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and VVilliam of *Cloudeſle.*

Adam Bell. William. Clim of the Clough.

London Printed by *E. Cotes*, and are to be ſold by *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon *Snow-hill.* 1655.

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MErry it was in the greene forrest,
among the leaves greene,
Where as men hunt east and west,
with bowes and arrowes kene:
To raise the Deere out of their den,
such sights have not all men seene,
As by three yeomen of the North Country,
by them it is I meane.
The one of them height Adam Bell,
another Clim of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudesly,
an Archer good enough.
They were outlawed for venison,
these yeomen every chone:
They I wote them brethren on a day,
to English wood for to gone.
Now lith and listen Gentlemen,
that of mirth lo'eth to heare:
Two of them single men,
the third had a wedded fere.
William was the wedded man,
much more then was his care:
He said to his brethren on a day,
to Carlile he would fare.
There to speake with faire Alice his wife,
and with his children three:
By my troth said Adam Bell,
not by the counsell of me.
For if we go to Carlile brother,
and from this wild wood wend,
If that the Justice doe you take,
your life is at an end.

If that I come not to morrow brother,
by prime to you againe:
Trust you then that I am taken,
or else that I am slaine.
He tooke his leave of his brethren two,
and to Carlile he is gone:
There he knocked at his owne window,
shortly and anon.
Where be you fair Alice? he said
my wife and children three:
Lightly let in thine owne husband
William of Cloudesse.
Alas then said faire Alice,
and sighed very sore:
This place hath beene beset for you
full halfe a yeere and more.
Now I am here said Cloudesse,
I would that in we were:
Now fetch us meat and drinke enough,
and let us make good cheere.
She fetcht him meat and drinke plants,
like a true wedded wife:
And pleased him with what she had,
whom she loved as her life.
There lay an old wife in that place,
alittle before the fire:
Which William had found of charity,
more then seven yeere.
Up she rose, and forth she goes,
ebill might she speed therefore:
For she had not set no foote on ground,
in seven yeeres before.
She went into the Justice hall,
as fast as she could hie:
This night shee said is come to towne,

William of Cloudesle.
Thereat the Justice was full faine,
and so the Sheriffe also.
Thou shalt not travell hither for nought;
thy meed thou shalt have ere thou goe.
They gave to her a right good gowne,
of Scarlet it was I heard saine:
She tooke the gift and home she went,
and couched her doloute againe.
They raised the towne of merry Carlile,
in all the haste they can:
And thronging fast unto the house,
as fast as they might gan,
There they beset the good yeoman,
about on every side:
William heard great noise of the folde,
that thither-ward fast hide.
Alice opened a backe window,
and looked all about:
She was ware of the Justice and Sheriffe,
and with them a great rout.
Alas treason, then cryed Alice,
ever woe may thou be:
Goe into my chamber husband, she said,
sweet William of Cloudesle.
He tooke his sword and his buckler,
his bow and children three:
And went into the strongest chamber,
where he thought surest to be.
Faire Alice like a lover true,
with a Pollar in her hand:
Said, he shall dye that commeth in
this doore, while I may stand.
Cloudesle bent a right good bow,
that was of a trusty tree:

He smote the Justice on the brest,
that his arrow burst in three.
Gods curse of his heart said Williams,
this day thy coate did vs.
If it had beene no better than mine,
it had been neere the bone.
Yeeld thee Cloudesle said the Justice,
and thy bow and thy arrowes thee fro;
Gods curse on his heart, said faire Alice,
that my husband counselleth so.
Set fire on the house said the Sheriffe,
sith no better it will be:
And burne we therein William he saith,
his wife and children three.
They fired the house in many a place,
the fire flew on hye:
Alas then said faire Alice,
I see we here shall dye.
William opened a backe window,
that was in his chamber hie:
And there with sheets he did let downe,
his wife and children three.
For Christs lode doe them no harme,
but weake you all on me.
William shot so wondrous well,
till his arrowes were all gone:
And fire so fast about him fell,
that his bow-string brent in two.
The sparkles brent and fell upon
good William of Cloudesle:
But then was he a woefull man,
and said, this is a Cowards deed to me.
Leder had I said William,

with my sword in the rout is run:
Then here amongst mine enemies wood,
so cruelly is burne.
He tooke his sword and his buckler then,
and among them all he ran:
Where the people thickest were,
he smote downe many a man.
There might no man abide his strokes,
so fiercely on them he ran:
Then they threw windowes and doores on him,
and so tooke that yeoman.
There they him bound hand and foote.
and in a deepe dungeon him cast.
Now Cloudesle then said the Justice,
thou shalt be hangd in haste.
One bow shall I make said the Sheriffe,
a paire of new gallowes thou shalt have,
And all the gates of Carlile shall be shut,
there shall no man come in thereat.
There shall not helpe Clim of the Clough,
nor yet Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thousand moe,
nor all the devils in hell.
Earely in the morning the Justice arose,
to the gates fast gan he gone:
And commanded to shut close,
lightly every chone.
Then went to the Market place,
as fast as he could hie:
A paire of new gallowes there did he set up,
beside the Pillory.
A little boy stood them among,
and askt what meant that gallow tree:
They said to hang a good yeoman,
called William of Cloudesle.

That little Boy was towne swine heard,
and kept faire Alice swine.
Full oft he had seene Cloudesle in the wood,
and gave him there to dine.
He went out of a crevice of the wall,
and lightly to the wood he ran:
There he met with these weighty yeomen,
shortly and anon.
Alas then said the little boy,
you tarry here all too long:
Cloudesle is tane and doom'd to death,
and ready to be hang'd.
Alas then said good Adam Bell,
that ever we saw this day:
He might have tarryed here with us,
so oft we did him pray.
He might have dwelt in greene Forrest,
under these shaddowes sheene:
And kept both him and us at rest,
out of trouble and teene.
Adam bent a right good bow,
a great heart soone he had slaine:
Take that child he said to thy dinner,
and bring me mine arrow againe.
Now we goe hence said these jolly yeomen,
tarry we no longer here:
We shall him borrow by Gods grace,
though we buy it full deere.
To Carlile went these good yeomen,
in a merry morning of May:
Here is a fit of Cloudesle,
and another is for to say.

And when they came to merry Carlile,
in a faire morning tide:

They found the gates shut them unto,
round about on every side.
Alas then said good Adam Bell,
that ever we were made men,
These gates are shut so wondrous well,
that we may not come therein.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
with a wile we will us in bring;
Let us say we be messengers,
straight come from the King.
Adam said I have a Letter, well
let us well swike:
We will say we have the Kings seale,
I hold the Porter no Clarke,
Then Adam Bell beate at the gate,
with strokes great and strong:
The Porter heard such a noise thereat,
and to the gates he throng,
Who is there, said the Porter,
that maketh all this knocking?
We be two messengers said they then,
become right from the King.
We have a Letter said Adam Bell,
to the Justice we must it bring:
Let us in our message to doe,
that we were againe to the King,
Here commeth none in said the Porter,
by him that dyed on a tree,
Till that a false theefe be hang'd,
cal'd William of Cloudesle.
Then spake Clim of the Clough,
and swore by Mary free;
If that we stand long without,
like a theefe hang'd shalt thou be.
Loe here we have the Kings seale;

what Lurden art thou wood?
The Porter weend it had beene so,
and lightly did off his hood.
Welcome is my Lords feale he sayd,
for that you shall come in:
He opened the gates full shortly,
an evill opening for him.
Now are we in said Adam Bell,
whereof we are right faine:
But Christ he knowes assuredly,
how we shall out againe.
Had we the Keyes sayd Clim of the Clough,
right well then should we speed:
Then might we come out well enough,
when we see time and need,
They called the Porter to counsell,
and wrung his necke in two:
And cast him in a deepe dungeon,
and tooke the keyes him fro.
Now am I Porter said Adam Bell,
see brother the keyes we habe here.
The worst Porter in merry Carlile,
that came this hundred yeere.
Now we will our bowes bend,
into the towne will we goe:
For to deliver our deare brother,
that lieth in care and woe.
Then they bent their good yew bowes,
and looked their strings were round,
The Market place in merry Carlile,
they beset in that stound,
And as they looked them beside,
a paire of new gallowes there they see,
And the Justice with a Quest of Squires,
that judgeth William hanged to be.

And Cloudeſle lay ready there in a Cart,
faſt bound both foote and hand:
And a ſtrong rope about his necke,
already for to hang.
The Juſtice cal'd to him a lad,
Cloudeſles cloathes he ſhould habe,
To take the meaſure of that yeoman,
and thereby to make him a grabe.
I habe ſeene as great marbaile ſaid Cloudeſle,
as betweene this and prime:
He that maketh a grabe for me,
himſelfe may lie therein.
Thou ſpeakeſt proudly ſayd the Juſtice,
I will thee hang with my hand:
Full well heard this his brethren two,
there ſtill as they did ſtand.
Then William caſt his eye aſide,
and ſaw his two brethren,
At the corner of the market place well prepar'd,
ready the Juſtice to chaſe.
I ſee comfort ſayd Cloudeſle,
yet hope I well to fare:
If I might habe my hands lat free,
right little might I care.
Then ſpake good Adam Bell,
to Clim of the Clough ſo free:
Brother ſee you marke the Juſtice well,
loe yonder you may him ſee.
At the Sheriffe ſhoote I will,
ſtrongly with an arrow keene:
A better ſhot in merry Carlile,
this ſeben yeere was not ſeene.
They looſed their arrowes both at one,
of no man they had dread:

The one hit the Iustice the other the Sheriffe,
that both their sides gan bleed,
All men voyded that stood them nigh,
when the Iustice fell to the ground:
And the Sheriffe nye him by,
either had his deaths wound.
All the Citizens fast gad flee,
they durst no longer abide;
There lightly they loosed Cloudesle,
where he with ropes lay tyde.
William stept to an Officer of the Towne,
his axe out of his hand he wrung:
On each side he smote them downe,
him thought he tarryed all too long.
William said to his brethren two,
this day let us live and die:
If ever you have need as I have now,
the same shall you finde by me.
They shot so well that tide,
for their strings were of silke sure,
That they kept the street on every side,
the battell did long endure.
They fought together like brethren true,
like hardy men and bold:
Many a man to the ground they threw
and made many a heart cold.
But when their arrowes were all gone,
men pressed on them full fast:
They drew their swords then anon,
and their bowes from them cast.
They went lightly on their way,
with swords and bucklers round:
By that it were mid of the day,
they made many a wound.
Many an out horne in Carlile was blowne,

and

and the Wells backward did ring:
Many a woman said alas,
and many their hands did wring.
The Major of Carlile forth come was,
and with him a full great rout:
These yeomen dread him full sore,
for of their lives they were in great doubt.
The Major came armed a full great pace,
with a Pollax in his hand:
Many a strong man with him was,
within that house to stand.
The Major smote at Cloudesle with his bill
his buckler hard in two:
Full many a yeoman with great evill,
alas treason they cryed for woe.
Keepe we the gates fast they bad,
that these Traytors thereout not goe:
But all for nought was that they wrought,
for so fast downe they were layd;
Till they all three that so manfully fought,
were gotten out of a braid.
Babe here your keyes said Adam bell,
my office here I forsake:
If you doe by my counsell,
a new Porter doe you make,
He threw the keyes at their heads,
and bad them evill to thrive;
And all that letteth any good yeoman,
to come and comfort his wife,
Thus be the good yeomen gone to the wood,
as lightly as leafe on linde;
They laugh and be merry in their moode,
their enemies were farre behinde,
When they came to the English wood,
under the trusty tree;

There they found bowes full good,
and arrowes great plenty.
So God me help said Adam Bell.
and Clim of the Clough so free.
I would we were in merry Carlile,
before that faire many.
Then sate they down and made good cheere,
and eat and drunke full well:
Here is a fit of these wight yeomen,
another I will you tell.

As they sate in English wood,
under their trusty tree:
They thought they heard a woman weepe,
but her they could not see.
Sore then sighed faire Alice,
that ever I saw this day:
For now is my deere husband slaine
alas and wel away.
Might I have spoke with his deere brethen,
or with either of them twaine,
To shew to them what him befell,
my heart were out of paine.
Cloudesle walkt a little aside,
and looke under the greene wood linde,
He saw his wife and children three,
full woe in heart and minde,
Welcome wife then said William,
under this trusty tree:
I had weend yesterday by sweet S. John,
thou shouldst me never see.
Now well is me she sayd that ye be here,
my heart is out of woe:
Dame he say be merry and glad,
and thanke my brethren two.

Hereof

Peterk to speake said Adam Bell,
I wis it is no boote:
The meate that we must sup withall,
it resteth yet fast on foote.
Then went they downe unto the lawnd,
these Noblemen all three:
Each of them slew a Hart of Greece,
the best they could there see.
Have here the best Alice my wife,
sayd William of Cloudesle:
Because yee so boldly stood by me,
when I was slaine full nye.
Then they went to supper,
with such meat as they had:
And thanked God for their fortune,
they merry were and glad.
And when they had supped well,
certain without any lease.
Cloudesle sayd we will to our King,
to get us a Charter of peace.
Alice shall be at our sojourning,
in a Nunnery here beside:
My two sonnes shall with her goe,
and there they shall abide.
My eldest sonne shall goe with me,
for him I have no care:
And he shall bring you word again,
how that we do fare.
Thus be these good yeomen to London gon,
as fast as they may dye:
Till they came to the Kings pallace,
where they would needs be.
And when they came to the Kings Court,
unto the pallace gate:
Of no man would they aske leave,

but

but boldly went in thereat,
They proceeded present into the Hall,
of no man they had dread:
The Porter came after, and did them call,
an with them gan to chide.
The Usher sayd, yeoman what would you have
I pray you tell to me?
You might have Officers shent,
good sirs from whence be yee?
Sir, we be outlawes of the Forrest,
certaine without any lease:
And hither we be come to the King,
to get us a charter of peace.
And when they came before the King,
as it was the Law of the Land:
They kneeled downe without letting,
and each held up his hand.
They said, Lord we beseech thee here,
that ye will grant us grace:
For we have slaine your fat fallow Deere,
in many a sundry place.
What be your names then said the King,
anon that you tell me:
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudesle.
Be yee those theeves sayd the King,
that men have told to me:
Here to God I make a vow,
yee shall be hang'd all three.
Ye shall be dead without mercy,
as I am King of this Land:
He commanded his Officers every chone,
fast on them to lay hand.
Therefore they tooke these good yeomen,
and arrested them all three:

So may I thriue (said Adam Bell,
this game liketh not me.
But good Lord we beseech you now,
that ye will grant us grace,
Insomuch as we doe to you come,
or else that we may from you passe,
With such weapons as we habe here,
till we be out of your place:
And if we liue this hundreth yeere,
we will aske of you no grace.
Ye speake proudly said the King,
ye shall be hanged all three.
That were great pity said the Queene,
if any grace might be.
My Lord when I came first into this Land
to be your wedded wife,
The first boone that I would asde,
you would grant me belliue:
And I asked ye neber none till now,
therefore good Lord grant it me.
Now aske it Madam said the King
and granted shall it be.
Then good Lord I you beseech,
these yeomen grant ye me:
Madam ye might habe asked a boone,
that should habe beene worth them all three:
Ye might habe asked towres and townes,
Parkes and Forrests plenty,
None so pleasant to my pay (he said)
nor none so leefe to me.
Madam sith it is your desire,
your asking granted shall be:
But I had leber habe giben you,
good Market townes three.
The Queene was a glad woman,

and ſaid Lord gramarcy.
I dare undertake for them,
that true men they ſhall be:
But good Lord ſpeake ſome merry word,
that they might comfort ſee.
I grant you grace then ſaid the King,
waſh fellowes and to meate goe yea.
They had not ſitten but a while,
certaine without leaſing:
There came two meſſengers out of the North,
with letters to the King.
And when they came before the King,
they kneeled downe upon their knee:
And ſaid your Officers greete you well,
of Carlile in the North Country.
How fareth my Juſtice (ſaid the King)
and my Sheriffe alſo:
Sir they be ſlaine without leaſing,
and many an Officer moe.
Who hath them ſlaine ſaid the King,
anon that you tell me:
Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
and William of Cloudeſle.
Alas for truth then ſaid the King,
my heart is wondrous ſore:
I had leſer then a thouſand pound,
I had knowne this before,
For I habe granted them grace,
and that forethinketh me:
But had I knowne all this before,
they had beene hanged all three.
The King opened the Letter anon,
himſelfe he read it tho:
And there he found how theſe outlawes had ſlaine,
three hundred men and moe,

First the Justice and the Sheriffe,
and the Maior of Carlile towne,
Of all the Constables and Catchpoles,
alive he left not one.
The Bailiffes and the Beadles both,
and the Sergeants of the Law:
And forty Forresters of the fee,
these outlawes have ylaw,
And broke his Parks and slaine his deere,
of all they chose the best:
So perillous outlawes as they were,
walked not by East nor West.
When the King this Letter had read,
in heart he sighed full sore:
Take up the Table then said he,
for I can eat no more.
The King then called his best Archers,
to the Buts with him to goe:
I will see these fellowes shoote said he
that in the North have wrought this woe.
The Kings Bowmen busht them blith,
and the Queenes Archers also:
So did these wight yeomen,
with them they thought to goe.
There twice or thrice they shot about,
for to assay their hand:
There was no shoote these yeomen shot,
that any pricke might stand.
Then spake William of Cloudesle,
by him that for me died:
I hold him never good Archer,
that shooteth at Buts so wide.
Whereat then said the King,
I pray thee tell to me:
At such a But sir he said,

as men use in my country,
William went into the field,
and his two brethren with him.
There they set up two hasell rods,
twenty score pace betweene:
I hold him an Archer said Cloudesle,
that yonder wand cleaveth in two;
Here is none such, said the king,
for no man can sa doe.
I shall assay sir, said Cloudesle,
or that I further goe;
Cloudesle with a bearing arrow,
clabe the wand in two.
Thou art the best Archer, said the king,
forsooth that ever I see:
And yet for your lobe said William
I will doe more mastery,
I habe a sonne is seben yeere old,
he is to me full deere:
I will tie him to a stake,
all shall see him that be here.
And lay an apple upon his head,
and goe fiftscore pace him fro,
And I my selfe with a broad arrow,
shall cleabe the apple in two.
Now haste thee then said the king,
by him that dyed on a tree,
But if thou dost not as thou hast said,
hanged shalt thou be,
And thou touch his head or gowne,
in sight that men may see:
By all the Saints that be in heaben,
I shall you hang all three.
That I habe promised said William,
I never will forsake:

And there euen before the King,
in the earth he droue a stake,
And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
and bad him stand still thereat;
And turnd the childs face him fro,
because he should not start:
An apple upon his head he set,
and then his bow he bent:
Fiftie score paces there were met,
and thither Cloudesle went.
There he drew out a faire broad arrow,
his bow was great and long:
He set that arrow in his bow,
which was both stiffe and strong.
He prayed the people that were there,
that they would still stand:
For he that shooteth for such a wager,
had need of a steddy hand.
Much people prayed for Cloudesle,
that his life saued might be:
And when he made him ready to shoot,
there was many a weeping eye.
Thus Cloudesle clabe the Apple in two,
as many a man might see:
Now God forbid then said the King,
that thou shouldst shoote at me.
I gibe thee xviii. pence a day,
and my bow shalt thou beare:
And euer all the North Country,
I make thee chiefe Rider,
And ile gibe thee xiii. pence a day, said the Queene,
by God, and by my fay,
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
no man shall say thee nay.
William, I make thee a Gentleman,

of clothing and of fee:
And thy two brethren yeomen of my Chamber,
for they are lovely to see:
Your sonne for he is tender of age,
of my wine seller shall be,
And when he comes to mans estate,
better preferred shall he be.
And William bring me your wife, said the Queene.
I long full sore to see:
She shall be my chiefe Gentlewoman,
to governe my Nursery.
The yeomen thanked them full curteously,
and said to some Bishop we will wend,
Of all the sinnes that we have done,
to be assoyled at his hand.
So forth be gone these good yeomen,
as fast as they can hie.
And after came and lived with the King,
and died good yeomen all three.
Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomen,
God send them eternall blisse:
And all that with hand bow shooteth,
that of heaven may never misse.

FINIS.